

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
CHRISTUS NOBISCUM STATE.

School Record

July, 1943.

Alcester

Grammar School Record.

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JULY, 1943.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

M. AUSTIN, B. FRANCIS, J. PLESTERS, M. PARKER,

D. JONES, STEWART, SHARP.

Notes and News.

The Summer term opened on Tuesday, May 4th, and closes on Thursday, July 22nd.

The examinations of the Trinity College of Music were held at school on March 25th, the visiting examiner being Sir Granville Bantock.

On Wednesday, April 7th, Forms ii and i were entertained by a puppet show, presented by Miss Young, of Leamington.

At last term's closing assembly, Mr. Caton presented football colours to Arnold, Burns, Draysey and Yapp, and hockey colours to N. Nash. In addition, savings certificates (in lieu of pairs of batting gloves, awarded last summer) were handed to Yapp and Hillman.

B. Francis has been appointed head girl in succession to D. Savage.

We welcome this term four new members of the Staff: Dr. E. Falk, who is teaching French and is form master of Lower IVB; Miss M. Seeley, who is teaching English and is form mistress of Upper IVA; Miss F. M. Williams, who is in charge of the girls' physical training; and Miss M. N. Alexander, who is form mistress of Form i.

Since March 22nd the school has provided a one-course cold dinner as an alternative to the hot dinner. About sixty pupils partake of this cold dinner, the girls in the Art Room and the boys in the Physics Laboratory.

Congratulations to M. Austin, who has been awarded an exhibition in English at Queen Mary's College, London.

The French oral examinations for School Certificate were held on Monday, June 1st.

Many thanks to A. W. Brand who has presented books to the school library.

On Wednesday, June 2nd a party of the Upper Fifth, with Miss Philips, Mrs. Glover and Mr. Druller visited the Memorial Theatre at Stratford to attend a performance of "Twelfth Night."

Sports Day was Thursday, June 10th.

A raffle of soft toys on that occasion raised the sum of £27 9s. 6d., which was presented to Lady Helen Seymour, for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

Half term was Friday, June 11th and Monday, June 14th.

We understand that some members of the Sixth form propose to attend a Youth conference at Queenswood School, Hatfield, during the summer holidays.

The Oxford examinations began on July 1st.

Stewart is to be congratulated on winning the Slogan competition in the Alcester "Wings for Victory" week.

We were pleased to have Mr. L. Jackson (who is on war service) with us again on Sports Day, and we congratulate him on securing his commission in the Intelligence Corps.

Visitors to the school on Sports Day were able to see the silver cup recently presented to the school by the family of the former chairman of the Governors, the late Dr. R. H. Spencer, whose death we recorded in the April number of the *Record*. The cup is to be held each year by the candidate who obtains first place in the School Certificate examination, and we wish to take this opportunity to express the gratitude of the school for the gift of this memorial cup.

As a result of the collection, last autumn, of hips and horse chestnuts for medical purposes, the sum of £3 4s. 3d. was handed to the Red Cross Hospital Fund.

The examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Colleges of Music took place at school on June 29th, being conducted by Dr. Felix Swinstead.

It appears probable that before long the school will get the long-awaited canteen. The plan approved by the Warwickshire Higher Education Committee provides for the conversion of the former Woodwork room (at present the form room of Lower IVA) into a kitchen, and the erection of a dining room on the playing-field side of it.

Stewart has been awarded a School leaving scholarship.

School Register.

VALETE.

Beachus, G. M. (Low. VA), 1939-43.	Birch, M. (Upp. IVB), 1942-43.
Mason, R. E. B. (Low. VA), 1937-43.	Wilkes, S. K. M. (Upp. IVB), 1941-43.
Vereker, S. M. M. (Low. VA), 1939-43.	
Wall, W. R. (Low. VA), 1939-43.	Moore, J. W. (Low. IVA), 1941-43.
Baylis, P. (Low. VB), 1939-43.	Hawthorn, M. A. (IIIB), 1942-43.
Dales, N. (Low. VB), 1936-43.	Free, S. M. (Rem.), 1941-43.
Fletcher, T. E. (Low. VB), 1942-43.	Hawthorn, S. B. (II), 1942-43.
Price, R. A. (Low. VB), 1939-43.	Riley, M. J. (II), 1942-43.
	Coleman, M. G. (I), 1941-43.

Omitted Last Term.

Baylis, E. (Upp V), 1932-42.	Gilbert, G. (II), 1942.
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SALVETE.

Sherwood, F. E. (IIIB).	Williams, J. (IIIA).
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There have been 351 pupils in attendance this term.

Old Scholars' News.

Our greetings and good wishes to all Old Scholars, both at home and abroad. At home we hear of an increasingly large number either in the forces or engaged upon other forms of war work, while many more write to give us news of their doings overseas. We should welcome even more letters from those serving outside this country, as, although we cannot publish addresses in the pages of the *Record*, we are able quite often to put Old Scholars in touch with one another.

L. G. Baylis, who was one of the survivors from Dunkirk, is now, we understand, overseas again, this time somewhere in the Middle East.

A. J. Partridge is in North Africa as a Senior Chaplain.

J. R. Whitehouse writes from an Air Force station in Canada. He tells us that he is getting some football, playing centre half for the R.A.F. team. He finds Canada very different from England, but thinks that he will like it in time. "In any case," he writes, "oranges, ice-cream and chocolate are no mean pleasures."

A. F. Taylor, now a Sergeant Pilot, is at the same station as Whitehouse.

Elizabeth Champion writes from Aden, where she is doing secretarial work. She is getting plenty of practice with her shorthand and typing, and is thoroughly enjoying the social life of the district.

S. Styler writes from the Middle East. He is getting a great deal of fun from his attempts to teach English to some of the more intellectual natives in his platoon. He is also endeavouring to teach his boys to play cricket, but finds most of them scared at the hard ball. He remarks with admiration upon their energy in sport generally, their speed of foot giving them a great advantage over white troops in games like football. Styler regularly receives the *Record*, which is read by all the mess, whether its members have any connection with A.G.S. or not.

H. G. Orme is with the North African forces, and a belated letter from him arrived after the close of the Tunisian campaign. He was, he observes, never a lover of the heat, and he finds the climate of his station much too hot for his liking.

We hear also from A. W. Wyton, who is in the Middle East. He has taken advantage of an opportunity offered him to visit numerous places in Palestine, a country which has made a great appeal to him. He says that he is in touch by post with W. H. Foster, who is also in the Middle East. Wyton's copy of the *Record* reaches him safely.

Kathleen Smallwood, writing recently from India, tells us that, after a period of illness, she is now on the high road to recovery. She does not like India, comparing it very unfavourably with Malaya, which she was forced to leave in such haste. Her most pleasant impressions of India were obtained on a fortnight's holiday spent in Kashmir.

Another Old Scholar now overseas is D. O. Hewlett who is in the East Africa Command.

We learn with regret that Kenneth J. Smith, of Redditch, a Sergeant in the R.A.F.V.R. (scholar 1931-35) has been reported missing.

Congratulations to S. Walker, who has now obtained his commission in the Warwickshire Yeomanry.

Also to K. Woods who has received his commission and is with the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

G. Wilkes, who is in the Royal Navy, has been awarded his telegraphist's badge.

Among other Old Scholars serving with the forces are Ruth Smith (in the A.T.S.), W. A. Emery (in the Fleet Air Arm) and R. H. Buggins.

We have heard that J. Higley, E. W. Perkins and L. Earp have gone overseas, but have no information as to the theatre of war in which they are serving.

Congratulations to A. F. Mason, who has been elected an Associate Member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers.

We were sorry to hear of the lengthy illness of Doreen Smith (née Horton), and wish her a full and early recovery.

Pamela Cresswell and Nancy Dales have entered the Nursing profession, the former being at Wolverhampton Royal Hospital, the latter at Dudley Road Hospital.

Birth.

On June 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Jackson (née Norah Baylis)—a son.

Marriages.

On June 23rd, 1942, at Castlecaulfield, Henry Gilbert Orme (scholar 1933-37) to Rachel Courtney.

On March 29th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Brian Farrant Groom to Phyllis Rachel Horseman (scholar 1934-40).

On April 17th at Bidford-on-Avon, Jack Bennett to Betty Doreen Clarke (scholar 1936-37).

On April 26th at Inkberrow, Gilbert Percy Briney to Kathleen Winifred Barley (scholar 1929-32).

On April 27th at Kinwarton, William John Mahoney (scholar 1936-41) to Kathleen E. Kernaghan.

On May 13th at Weston-super-mare, James Henry Beesley to Joyce Machin (scholar 1929-39).

On May 29th at Wellington Barracks, London, Greville Pollard Baylis (scholar 1927-31) to Patricia Maxwell-Willshire.

On Writing a Magazine Article.

I pushed the dining-room door open slowly, and shuffled in, I dropped into an armchair, with my hat in one hand—the band slipping off—and my satchel in the other ; I sighed a deep mournful sigh and closed my eyes. When I opened them after a few moments, I saw my mother and father and my two brothers regarding me with anxious eyes.

“Are you all right?” asked Mother, quickly.

“No,” I whispered, “I’ve got to write another magazine article.”

With one voice, they groaned, and from that moment a fog of gloom fell over the house.

The Family has very bitter feelings where magazine articles are concerned. In Form III I used to write a highly imaginative

fairy-story, secure in the knowledge that it would never be printed. In Lower V I composed careful essays, hoping fervently that they would adorn the pages of the next '*Record*.' In Upper V I just managed to find time to write a vague story, which was never printed. But it was in the VIth that the trouble really began. I was asked by the Editor himself if I would contribute to the Magazine, and bursting with pride, I wrote a masterpiece, filled with similes and metaphors, in faithful imitation (as I fondly imagined) of Dickens. That was in my first term. By the end of the first year, the novelty had begun to pall, and it became practically impossible to find a subject which had not been worked to death by former pupils. I have chewed endless pens, and wasted countless sheets of paper as I have waited for inspiration which never came, and finally rushed through some very mediocre essay, which left my family in a state of exhaustion, and myself in a very bad temper. And I "felt it in my bones" that this was going to happen again. I was not mistaken!

We rushed through tea, washed up with amazing speed and returned to the Dining-Room with pale, set faces. Mother sat by the fire, father facing her; John (my elder brother) at one end of the table, with Lawrence (usually known as "Junior") at the other end; while I, by common consent, was given the coveted place at the long side of the table. I brought out pens, pencils, ink, a ruler and blotting paper, and arranged them neatly in front of me. Then I sat back and waited.

Mother was the first to speak: "Why not write about Spring and the flowers and birds and things?" I withered her with a look, and added: "There aren't any flowers, we're growing vegetables; besides it's been done before." "Well, do something topical," suggested Father, "Something about the Eighth Army, or Russia."

"My acquaintance with the Eighth Army is limited to a distant vision; I have never met a Russian; and I have no desire to deprive some poor war-correspondent of his job," I replied cuttingly.

"Enlarge on the differences between our 'planes and Germany's" suggested John brightly.

"Is there any difference?" I asked; and he subsided with a gasp.

"Write about the chocolates we used to have," said Junior, wistfully surveying his one remaining coupon. I deemed this unworthy of acknowledgment. So there we sat with creased brows, gnawing our nails or pencils or knitting pins, and concentrating hard.

"There's always school to fall back upon," said father, hopefully. I reminded him that I had fallen back upon it last term. "Well, really," said mother in an exasperated tone, "I don't see why the whole family should be troubled with your Magazine Article. It's the same every term, and I'm tired of it; you must just think of something yourself," and she began to knit busily. Father agreed with her, and buried himself in the paper. John took out his Maths. homework, and Junior continued his painstaking drawing of a fish—or was it a horse?

So I indulged quietly in an orgy of self-pity. Nobody ever helped me. Father did John's algebra for him, and Mother wrote Junior's compositions; but I was always left to fend for myself. They wouldn't even try to think of "Fine author, you'd make," said John, who knows my literary aspirations; can't even think of anything to write about." I explained patiently that one was a trifle limited in a school publication; some people had a nasty habit of remembering exactly what one had written, and of holding it up against one at a later date. He returned to his maths.

Then Mr. Browne from just down the road came in, with a message for father about the Home Guard Parade. My predicament was explained to him, and after due consideration he said heartily: "I always think that there's nothing like the weather: its always topical, and gives you plenty of scope." I thanked him for his valuable advice, and promised to use it some time, only it wasn't quite what I wanted just then. He departed, still thinking hard.

I turned on the wireless, thinking that it might suggest something, but some woman was crooning "I get the leg of the chicken" and father ordered me to switch over to the Home Service; the Radio Doctor was discoursing on Vitamin A. and its effects on infants.

"For pity's sake," ejaculated John. I turned it off.

"What is uppermost in your thoughts?" asked mother. "Supper and Higher School," I replied briefly. She picked up her knitting again. Junior was carried off to bed, fruitlessly protesting that he wanted to help Betty write a story. John put away his maths, and produced a book on the Fleet Air Arm in which he was soon buried. Mother was staring into the fire, father was dozing, while I had reached the hair-ruffling stage. Suddenly, Mother laughed. "You know, you really ought to be able to write something about all the time we've spent trying to think of something for you to write about." The idea took root; "Yes" I said, as I reached for some clean paper, "Yes, that's not at all a bad idea. Thanks, Mother."

Or was it?

BETTY FRANCIS (Form VI).

A Hymn of Hate.

(With apologies to Rupert Brooke).

These I have loathed.

Soft worms and snakes sleek-coiling,
Ringed with smooth lines; and warm and shuddering damp;
Brown skin upon rice-pudding; the harsh touch
Of taffeta; and many-smelling slums;
Wash-days; and the pungent reek of onions;
And grimy carriages filled with smoke and sun;
And smoke itself that stifles city air,
Smothering all creatures struggling to exist;
The relentlessness of numbers that cruelly seize
One by the neck; heartiness; people who are
Always bright; belated laughter; knowing
In a sudden flash that I was wrong;
The feel of hard water; candles to smell;
Losing something old and dear; and other such—
The inelasticity of all my money;
Jazz and crude sounds that blare from radios
Through windows. shattering summer eve

Such words,
And thousand other throng to me! Housing estates;
Long drone of aeroplane and aeroplane;
The sound of "candidate," of children crying, and
Of weary mothers; the uncontrolled giggle
Quickly silenced; grey rain towards mid-day;
Misery and dull weather both together;
And noise or quietness that disagrees;
The limitations met with in one day;
And helplessness to help in darkest need;
All these have been my loathings.

K.M.W. (Form VI).

Not Without Hope.

The hard of heart will not appreciate this. They will doubtless be of the few who can cope with homework within the set time-limit. I, for one, was never of that number. Whether the inability springs from a rooted aversion to mental exercise, as some unkindly suggest, or from lack of power of concentration—a milder theory to which I myself incline—it is, like the poor, always with us. Nor can the sense of impending punishment serve, except to imbue us with the spirit of fatalism. To those who think that the power comes with years and bitter experience, I say they are wrong.

The endless variety of distractions which an evening can offer scarcely comes within compass of belief. One arrives home, probably with the threat of an awful warning ringing in one's

ears and conscious that something must be done—after tea. A single lapse and the field is lost. There is first the intriguing business of reading one's letters after speculating on the probability of their containing postal orders from admiring relatives. (Not very probable except in an age of miracles). Usually after this an attack of conscience ensues and for a time one wrestles bravely with the complications of the letter x. By this time tea is ready and is attacked with an earnestness that would do credit to anyone but which in one's family circle is regarded and commented on as a manifestation of greed. At this point one is obliged to listen to a résumé of the difficulties of obtaining food in war-time; and the sinister word 'washing-up' appears with increasing frequency.

Listening to the news occupies another half-hour or so. I say 'listening' by courtesy only, as the voice of the announcer merely forms a background to the more or less exciting pages of a novel. When the news is over, the wrathful voice of the parent is heard to say: 'Why don't you get on with your homework instead of reading that rubbish?' There are very few answers to this: in fact none is expected. And the feeble retort "It's not rubbish" is dismissed with the withering contempt it deserves.

A student finds no sympathy in his own home. Should one desire to do one's homework there is always some one who wishes to listen to the radio. A display of self-righteous indignation is of no avail, and one bows to the inevitable. The competition is very one-sided: and the attractions of the grammar-book fade before the sophisticated charm of the crooner. With a surface show of reluctance homework is abandoned.

After the dream the awakening! Next morning one wakes with the horrid realization of work undone. Clothes are hastily donned and a rapid descent of the stairs is made to the amazement of the rest of the family. A frantic search for pen and ink ensues.

Yet again a losing battle is fought with time; and with an eye on the clock, the Latin student mutters 'Eheu, fugaces.' The breakfast placed before one is waved away to the consternation of the audience. The Voice of Reason says inevitably: 'You will miss the 'bus.' With a last frantic scribble of the pen, the impossible is achieved. Not without hope. . . .

MARY AUSTIN (Form VI).

Dreaming.

I love to wander through the wood,
When Spring flowers are in bud,
Just a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
And of pleasant things a-scheming.

I love to lie on a summer day,
'Mid the tall grass or the new mown hay,
Just a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
And of pleasant things a-scheming.

I love to sit on the orchard wall,
When the Autumn leaves begin to fall,
Just a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
And of pleasant things a-scheming.

I love to sit before a fire bright,
And while away a lonely winter night,
Just a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
And of pleasant things a-scheming.

But most of all when I'm in bed,
I love to lie a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
And of pleasant things a-scheming,
Till into dreamland my thoughts are led.

JOYCE RICHARDSON (Lower IVB).

The Biter Bit.

Smith was the biggest tease in the school. His usual victim was one of the junior members. Smith knew that the object of his torture dared not report him because of his terror. The poor victim's lessons were becoming neglected owing to the fact that his mind was only concerned with his safety.

He imagined his only safe place was in bed. But alas! One night, when his bedtime came, he raced upstairs and tumbled into bed quickly, but he jumped out more quickly than he had jumped in. He threw back the clothes and spied a wire-haired brush! He looked up and saw a laughing face between the slit in the curtains.

"Caught again! Ha-ha" laughed Smith. However the junior was not to be beaten. Smith was quite ignorant of the knowledge of his headmaster, who was aware of what a tease he was to the younger ones.

The next night Smith went to bed very tired. He dropped into bed half asleep.

"Oh!" he yelled, "what was that?"

He jumped out of bed and found a large sprig of holly. There was a label attached to it, which read,

"With Compliments, H.M."

He gasped: H.M. meant Head Master! Never again was the junior bullied.

SHEILA STALLARD (Upper IVA).

Windmills and a War-time Election.

Ancient buildings have always had an attraction for me, but windmills have a special appeal. When, therefore a chance came to visit one recently, I eagerly took it. It happened that I was cycling in South-East Warwickshire with a friend and suddenly saw the gaunt sails of a disused mill outlined against the sky over a distant hill. After toiling for miles we reached the summit and leant our bicycles against a weatherbeaten sign which said, "Parking 6d.," in spite of the fact that there were no houses for miles around. Another sign equally weatherbeaten told the history of the mill, which was apparently constructed in the 15th century. The building which was precariously perched on a beam of blackened oak was "a rare example of an ancient post windmill." Ancient it certainly was, and how it had stood up for five hundred years, heaven only knows! I fear that this type of mill will be rarer still within a few years. However, after having climbed, at my own infinite risk into the body of the building, I found that all the 'works' had been removed, perhaps by other tourists like myself. Finding nothing movable that I could take away as a souvenir, I left the mill a valuable memento of myself, in the shape of a noble name and address, engraved on a post. Then I noticed other names all over the same post and strangely enough they all said 'Pioneer Corps.' Only then did I realise the supreme achievement of having made that ascent.

After leaving the windmill, we made our way to the next place of interest, which the map called 'Three Shires Stones' which were situated at the joining of three neighbouring counties. On our way to the stones we wandered about playing hide and seek with a canal which we crossed seven times. At last we got to a village which was within a mile of the spot and knocked at the doors of all visible cottages without effect. Not until later did we realise that the whole population had probably gone to vote at the local bye-election. In the end we found a little old woman cleaning out a Wesleyan Chapel and enquired the way to the stones. She told us that she had heard of them once when she was a girl, which must have been a long time ago and that in her opinion they had probably died down. Not contradicting her confusion of mineral and vegetable we thanked her and passed on. We next asked a labourer and he merely said "They be growed in," but directed us to the site. Needless to say they were nowhere to be seen and we went on our way, quite fed up with the things.

When we had crossed the canal a few more times, we stopped for tea in a largish village with rows of ancient yellow cottages. Democracy however had not passed this ancient place by, for the village was in a frantic turmoil because of the bye-election. The candidates also must have seen something in the place for cars with loud speakers on their roofs whizzed round the twisty lanes exhorting the villagers' votes. The Commonwealth candidate claimed that he stood for "Commonwealth, common ownership and common sense." Although I thought that the last two did not agree very well, some of the enthusiastic villagers did. Perhaps the badly dented shabby old car had something to do with it. More however seemed to support the Government candidate, who when he emerged from the polling centre, actually the village school, was immediately surrounded by a crowd of villagers, waving red, white and blue ribbon. Without doubt they considered this their ethical duty.

At last came the time to part from the scene of busy life and go home, but the excitement did not cease with my going; it is probably still the chief topic of conversation.

J. M. STEWART (Form VI).

When Shall I Go Home?

When shadows form across the sky,
When weary swallows homeward fly,
When owls begin their weird cry,
Then I'll go home.

When daylight fades among the trees,
When the night wind gives a gentle breeze,
When shadows flit across the meads,
Then I'll go home.

Then the moon rises serene and high,
And there from their holes slink foxes shy,
Down to the pool creep deer so shy,
When I've gone home.

Perhaps two bucks fight for a doe,
And from the pool creeps the lizard slow,
To seek for their mothers the young fawns go,
When I've gone home.

All through the night the animals play,
Play in the kind moon's gentle ray,
Until dawn appears as the first sign of day,
After I've gone home.

SONIA SHORE (IIIB).

Sports Day, 1945.

The thirtieth annual Sports Day was held on June 10th. The weather, which had been wet and stormy for a week previously, cleared up for a traditionally hot and fine sports day. The races began earlier than usual this year, but this did not prevent a large crowd of spectators from coming to see the events, which were contested with the usual keenness. Our thanks are again due to Mr. Thornton, to whom fell the task of arranging the races and preparing the field. We also thank the stewards and judges and everyone else who helped to make the day a success.

At the conclusion of the Sports programme, senior girls gave a gymnastic display under the direction of Miss Williams.

The cup, trophy, shields and medals were presented by Lady Helen Seymour for the first time as Chairman of the Board of Governors. We take this opportunity to express our deep sympathy with the family of the late Dr. Spencer, who was present at so many Sports Days in that capacity. The Sports shield was again won by the Brownies and the Victor Ludorum Cup was secured by Hillman, Draysey being the runner-up. Once more savings stamps were awarded instead of medals.

After a vote of thanks to Lady Helen Seymour, the proceedings closed with the singing of the school song and the National Anthem.

The results were as follow :—

SENIORS (over 14).

100 YARDS.—1 Hillman, 2 Stewart, 3 Collett, 4 Toye.
 220 YARDS.—1 Hillman, 2 Collett, 3 Stewart, 4 Burns.
 440 YARDS.—1 Gray ii, 2 Toye, 3 Hillman, 4 Arnold.
 HALF-MILE.—1 Arnold, 2 Kirby, 3 Gray ii, 4 Mortimer.
 HURDLES.—1 Collett, 2 Arnold, 3 Draysey, 4 Stewart.
 SLOW BICYCLE.—1 Clark i, 2 Draysey, 3 Toye, 4 Stewart.
 OBSTACLE.—1 Draysey, 2 Gray ii, 3 Howie, 4 Arnold.
 HIGH JUMP.—1 Collett, 2 Stewart, 3 Arnold, 4 Hillman.
 CROSS COUNTRY (5 miles).—1 Draysey, 2 Gray ii, 3 Kirby, 4 Arnold.
 THE MILE.—1 Hillman, 2 Draysey, 3 Kirby, 4 Gray ii.
 LONG JUMP.—1 Stewart, 2 Cook, 3 Hillman, 4 Arnold.
 THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—1 Hillman, 2 Draysey, 3 Toye, 4 Cook.

JUNIORS (12-14).

100 YARDS.—1 Steveni i, 2 Underhill, 3 McCarthy, 4 Cassell.
 220 YARDS.—1 McCarthy, 2 Pace ii, 3 Roberts i, 4 Steveni i.
 HALF-MILE.—1 McCarthy, 2 Harris ii, 3 Pace ii, 4 Davies.
 HURDLES.—1 Underhill, 2 McCarthy, 3 Hill ii, 4 Steveni i.
 OBSTACLE.—1 McCarthy, 2 Williams ii, 3 Wainwright, 4 Mole.
 SLOW BICYCLE.—1 Harris ii, 2 Rattue, 3 Moizer, 4 Gittus.
 HIGH JUMP.—1 McCarthy, 2 Underhill, 3 Pace ii, 4 Hill ii.
 CROSS COUNTRY (3 miles).—1 McCarthy, 2 Hill ii, 3 Pace ii, 4 Harris ii.

LONG JUMP.—1 Underhill, 2 McCarthy, 3 Moizer, 4 Steveni i and Gittus.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—1 Steveni i, 2 Hill ii, 3 Mole, 4 Horseman.

JUNIORS (under 12).

100 YARDS.—1 Welch, 2 Brookes, 3 Humphreys, 4 Tuckey.

OBSTACLE.—1 Bamford, 2 Roberts ii, 3 Steveni ii, 4 Hadwen iii.

EGG AND SPOON.—1 Lloyd, 2 Vale, 3 Tuckey, 4 Welch.

SACK RACE.—1 Gardner, 2 Burden, 3 Montgomery, 4 Bamford.

THREE-LEGGED RACE.—1 Welch and Nicholls, 2 Lloyd and Francis, 3 King and Rogers, 4 Montgomery and Burden.

OTHER EVENTS.

SKIPPING RACE (Girls).—1 A. Weaver, 2 S. Johnson, 3 M. Larkin, 4 J. Seccombe.

50 YARDS (Form 1).—1 J. Aalbregt, 2 Harris iv, 3 Feast, 4 Paskins.

RELAY RACE (Remove).—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

TUG-OF-WAR.—Brownies beat Jackals.

RELAY RACE.—1 Brownies, 2 Jackals, 3 Tomtits.

The following presentations were made:—

VICTOR LUDORUM CUP—Hillman (65 pts).

SILVERS MEDALS.—Draysey, Stewart, Collett, Arnold, Gray ii, McCarthy, Steveni i, and Underhill.

BRONZE MEDALS.—Kirby, Welch, Toye, Pace ii, Harris ii, and Hill ii.

SPORTS SHIELD.—1 Brownies (462 points), 2 Jackals (400 points), 3 Tomtits (105 points).

J.M.S.

Sports Day Indoors.

In spite of wartime restrictions the entries for the Arts and Crafts Competitions were quite as numerous and varied as in former years. The general standard of the work was good; and the economy needlework showed a great improvement on last year's entries. Three dolls were dressed as co-operative work, one by each of the sides.

The number of Historical Dolls and Models was considerably diminished this year, owing to difficulty in obtaining suitable materials, cardboard and wood, but many of the entries obtained high marks. There was a class for model aeroplanes and ships, which proved popular with many of the boys.

In the Art Room there was a good display of posters, illustrations and silhouettes; and interesting examples of craftwork by the Preparatory Forms were exhibited.

The clothes on the Jackal's Baby Doll were raffled; also Soft Toys made and given by several of the girls. The proceeds of the raffles and a collection were given to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

The ever-popular cookery competition was revived to a small extent in a bread-baking contest. Many of the Senior Girls entered loaves, which were all of a high standard. The Bread was sold and the money given to Red Cross Funds.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Brownies with 2,255 points ; the Jackals were second with 1,612 points ; and the Tomtits third with 1,355. The Trophy was won by M. Moizer with 256 points, and the following received medals :—

SILVER MEDALS.—Senior: Margaret Moizer (256), M. Goodall (196), O. Davies (188), K. Wilson (177), J. Plesters (149), P. Carman (147), D. Villers (135), F. Harrison (135), S. Careless (127), J. Buller (124), S. Rymell (109), P. Brookes (106), B. Francis (103). Junior: S. Goulbourne (111).

BRONZE MEDALS.—Senior: M. Parker (98), J. Godwin (83), Moizer (75), J. Vale (63), A. Villers (62), G. Bloxham (60), C. Sainsbury (58), M. Prior (57), E. Rose (55), J. Beachus (55), K. Hemming (55), Eadie (special). Junior: B. Mitchell (99), J. Lane (65).

B.C.F

The School Shields.

The first award of a Sports Shield was made in 1913. The winning Sides have been as follows :—

BROWNIES (10 times) : 1913, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943.

JACKALS (10 times) : 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1923, 1924, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1937.

TOMTITS (11 times) : 1918, 1919, 1926, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1940.

The first award of an Arts and Crafts Shield was made in 1916. It has been won by the Sides as follows :—

BROWNIES (13 times) : 1916, 1917, 1918, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1929, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943.

JACKALS (5 times) : 1930, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1940.

TOMTITS (10 times) : 1919, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

Both shields have been won in the same year by :—

BROWNIES (8 times) : 1920, 1921, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943.

JACKALS (once) : 1937.

TOMTITS (6 times) : 1919, 1926, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

A View.

I do not think that I shall ever see such an imposing or beautiful view as from Bredon Hills. When you are ascending the last slope, the landscape is gradually unfolded before you like a royal banner, and you stand awestruck before such a regal, and yet simple sight. It becomes very difficult to believe that, below you, men are being trained to kill, and that men are at that very moment laying down their lives so that you may exist in a free land.

Away in the distance you see the spires of Worcester Cathedral, appearing like matchsticks against the blue sky. Now you notice a river, winding its way dreamily through fields and meadows. Scanning the country-side below you, you notice a ploughman plodding slowly up the field with his team of horses, and a carter, creeping along the lanes with his cart.

Your eyes notice other things too, a tiny village, tucked away behind a clump of trees ; a group of birds, silhouetted against the sky ; a gipsy caravan in the corner of a field ; and it is borne upon you that to whatever country you may go, whatever sights you may see, nothing will be able to erase this memory from your heart. As Wordsworth says,

“ Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.”

JOAN HORSEMAN (Lower VB).

The Boy ; what will he Become ?

Up to date he has considered in turn being an engine driver and a police-man, the attraction in both cases being a whistle, but now his view widens. He realises that life is real and soon it will be important to be earnest.

Unfortunately he also realises that all profitable posts entail brain or capital. He certainly sees the drawbacks of a clown's profession, for which he is qualified by his class behaviour but how to become a lawyer he cannot imagine.

He turns over various possibilities, the Air Force—glorious but brief, the Army—prolonged but inglorious, a butcher—too much blood, a farmer—too much mud.

Having reviewed these occupations he decided to enter the local builder's office, consoling himself with the thought that father is well to do but cannot add up without a scrap of paper and that Dr. Johnson himself was considered a dunce at school.

D. H. EADIE (Lower VB).

The Clerk's Dream.

If I could build a house, I would,
 And stake a plot of ground,
 And split a fencing, stave by stave,
 To set my garden round;
 Then buy a spade, and fold by fold,
 Turn up a wormy soil,
 Until my back
 And limbs should crack
 With unaccustomed toil.

I would forget the nervous trick
 Of living by my wits.
 No longer should I be a slave,
 Who through the daylight sits,
 Wasting his muscles, poisoned, sick,
 Not worth a woman's pity;
 To strive and drive,
 In the airless hive,
 The black coat hell, the City!

Just to look up and feel the sun,
 Burn lusty on my face,
 And then beneath the rain to lave
 My sweating skin, and race
 To shelter when the digging's done,
 And the seed set in my holding;
 A scarecrow man,
 All dirt and tan,
 Corpse—clean and neat.

Just picture that; the house, the land,
 The air and sky above them,
 And a wife to say, "We hold! We have!
 And these are ours to love them!"
 But that's a dream, for here I stand,
 Returning by the six-five,
 Corpse—clean and neat.
 With my soul dead beat,
 To a woman who's half alive.

MARY PARKER (Upper V).

? ? ?

He is short and stout,
 And gets about
 All over the world
 And round about.

Though the road is up-hill,
 He pushes with a will,
 Don't forget his cigars,
 For his name is Winston Churchill.

JUNE WALKER (IIB).

Strange

My dearest friend Mabel, a friend since school-days, had, after quite a short illness, passed away. I received a note from her parents informing me that the funeral would be at 2.30 p.m., on Thursday. Now this being a particularly busy day at the office made it very difficult for me, but as I was determined to be there, I drove my small car straight from business to the church.

Immediately the ceremony was over and I could get back to my car, I made all haste to return to important duties. Unfortunately while taking a corner too fast and while my mind was dwelling on the immediate past, my car turned completely over and I remember nothing more, until I awoke finding myself in a very comfortable bed in a lovely room. Feeling unusually contented and happy, I lazily turned in my bed, and a voice I knew quite well said, "Hello, Phyllis."

I stared quite hard at Mabel and thought what a strange dream this was. I spoke to her and said, "Mabel! but you are dead!"

"Yes," she replied, smiling quite contentedly, "and so are you."

DOROTHY JONES (Lower VA).

The End of Term.

Why does one rejoice when the last days of term approach? Probably the effects of a hard term's work weigh upon us. There are mysterious looking report books to convey home in our long-suffering school bags. Rather nondescript shoebags, very often without names on them are dumped in the corridor for further inspection. Also, one might perceive odd gym pumps, hockey shoes and an occasional battered text book.

Tidying desks is another duty rather reluctantly performed. Quantities of dirty paper and blotting paper pellets are thrown disdainfully into the salvage basket. Humiliating exercise books are hastily thrust out of sight for further use.

Finally it is time to line up. The process of making awards is carried out, and then the shaking of hands begins. Once outside, we gasp with relief at the entrance of fresh air into our lungs, and we wend our way home in different directions.

BETTY WHITEHEAD (Lower IVA).

Elephants—as I see them.

I have a passion for elephants, especially the baby ones—I mean the genuine kind of course. I think my entirely irrational affection for these huge animals began from the time when I read Rudyard Kipling's story of the "Elephant Child." The very thought of this poor little thing having its nose pulled by a crocodile, surely the most repulsive of reptiles, aroused in me a sort of aggressive sympathy, which was further stimulated by the illustration of this particular tale, showing the Elephant-child weeping colossal tears, and with an expression on its face so exactly like that of a small relation of mine, that the resemblance was too striking to be true.

Now it is said that "pity is akin to love," a rather misleading statement, but true in my case nevertheless. But my pity did not last long, for when I saw an elephant in the flesh, what first struck me was its dignity; the resignation with which this patient creature carried small clamouring children was sad to see, when one thought of this animal once being undisputed "Prince of the jungle," and now merely a beast of burden.

The only time an elephant can be a beast of a burden without losing its pride, is when it is bearing the "howdah"—I think that is the right name—of some Indian Rajah. Then indeed it inspires awe.

How I hate those ugly little elephants of black wood, which often are seen on mantelshelves in cottages. I remember one at a house I used to visit; its tusks would not stay in their proper places, so they lay at its feet—such a come down, I could not help thinking. Also these odious little figures do not do justice to the real animal. They have no wrinkles at all—probably you may not consider this a fault—but without them, they are merely lumps of wood, uninteresting and devoid of personality.

I can never understand why people call articles which are not wanted "white elephants;" might it not just as well be "black elephants?" Both are equally obnoxious to me when they are so-called models. Actually, I thought white elephants were lucky. Would someone, please, enlighten me?

E. M. ROSE I (Upper V.)

The Old Farm.

The old farm stands on the top of a hill,
It once was lively, but now it is still,
From the stable comes no neighing sound,
No stamp of hoofs upon the ground.

No milk-maid in her apron white,
Milks the cow in the dusk of night,
No men come home from hay-making.
No farmer's wife is bread-baking.

The sheep dog rounds the sheep no more,
No merry boys play by the door,
The farmer no more gathers crops,
The wheat, the barley, corn and hops.

The grass in the meadow is thick and long,
The lark in its nest sings its evening song,
The stars come out and the moon grows bright,
And the old farm stands, still and dark, in the night.

The farm's been empty for ages, now,
The farmer's dead, and gone is the cow.
The sheep, the horses are gone as well,
Where they are, I cannot tell.

But through the weather which is wild,
And through the weather which is mild,
Or even through the wind and rain,
That grey old farm will still remain.

MARGARET NORRIS (IIIA).

The Snipe.

One day Daddy and I were in the garden, when we heard a most peculiar noise overhead, which sounded something like that of a running motor engine. We looked up and saw a bird, which we recognised as a snipe, diving and twirling in the sky. We watched it while it circled over the field at the bottom of our garden and finally settled near the centre of the field. We entered the field and crept softly towards the snipe, but alas ! we had to cross a small stream to get to it and although I jumped safely over, Daddy caused me much amusement by walking straight into it, the reason being that he was keeping his eye on the snipe.

The noise daddy had made had frightened away the bird, but he had noted its position before it had flown away and so we were able by dint of much searching to find its nest. It contained, much to our joy, four olive coloured eggs, and so that we could find the nest again we planted a twig in the ground about three yards from it. I am now looking forward to observing the progress of the eggs.

S. SUMMERHILL (Lower IVB).

A Fruitful Occasion.

"A nice evening." said a voice, "Er-yes," I replied, "Grand, but it's been nice for a while, hasn't it—for ducks!"

I had spent an hour or two cleaning and oiling my bicycle, and decided, from the depths of an armchair, that as it looked fairly settled, I would go for a spin. After riding about a couple of miles, I came round a bend into the main street of a small country town.

Idly looking from side to side while slowly cruising along, imagine my surprise, when I saw a large fruit stall—one of those open affairs jammed in between two ordinary shops.

I blinked and stared, for there, hanging in the front were bunches of bananas, and underneath, literally glowing, were stacks of oranges, lemons, melons and apples, with here and there a luscious-looking pineapple. "G-good gracious!" I murmured, feverishly delving into my pocket to see how finances stood.

I timorously advanced towards the man standing outside. "Could I have a pound of apples?" I enquired in a hopeful voice, expecting to hear a reply in the negative, together with remarks about regular customers and green ration books. "Certainly, and anything else?" Feeling lightheaded, and swallowing hard, I said, "Yes please, I'll take a dozen bananas, half a dozen oranges and a melon. Back came the reply "Yes, Sir."

I began to feel feverish, wondering what I was going to pay for them all with, being in my usual state of bankruptcy, when—Bang! I woke up! The window crashed again, for there was a cold South-westerly gale blowing. It was raining once more. Delightful June!

GRAY i (Upper IVB).

The Garden.

Sing a song of carrots,
A basket full of peas;
And there's a poor old gardener,
Weeding on his knees.

The spade is in the barrow,
Along with fork and hoes;
And there's a home-made scarecrow,
Scaring off the crows.

GANDERTON (Lower IVA).

Murder at Midnight.

I was awakened by the sound of the village clock striking twelve. The moon-light was flooding the floor of my tent. Suddenly I gasped with horror, as I saw it creep across the floor. The next few seconds my mind was blank, but it cleared when I found myself clutching an axe, the red liquid dripping to the floor with a sinister rhythm. Afterwards I decided it was not worth it, a blunt axe, my last tin of tomato soup gone, and the spider got away.

STEVENI i (Upper IVB).

National Savings.

"Wings for Victory" week provided the opportunity for a good send-off to the term's savings. The target of £1,000 was exceeded by almost £200, the final total, being £1,194 5s.

A.G.S. members stoutly shouldered the responsibility for this sum and all available cash was scraped together—odd crowns and even sixpences, not being overlooked. Savers of comparatively small amounts were in a large majority. Altogether 229 certificates—of varying values—were bought as well as Defence Bonds and Post Office Savings. "Vouloir c'est pouvoir" (where there's a will there's a way) is a motto well exemplified in the week's effort.

Members may now feel satisfied that their money is safely placed. It can be withdrawn, at any time. Left till after the war, it may prove vitally important in helping towards a career. Meanwhile it assists the War Effort and reduces luxury spending.

Last term's savings rose to the weekly average of £55, due to the zeal and thought of the regular savers. Some confessed "I meant to, but I forgot." Good intentions, not acted upon, lead in the wrong directions.

Don't let Summer weather allow us to forget that the relentless war goes on and the need for saving is as vitally urgent as ever. Before picking up the tennis racquet or cricket bat, let us find our way, first of all, to Form II on Wednesdays, immediately after our mid-day repast. New members are most welcome.

A. G. S. members have shown what can be done in a short, quick effort. Have they that more enduring quality—staying power?

Le Cercle Français.**Comité.**

Président d'honneur : M. Caton.

Conseillers : M le docteur Falk, Mlle. Secker, Mlle. Slote.

Présidente : E. Adams. Secrétaire : J. E. Buller.

Sous-secrétaire : R. J. Plesters.

Représentatifs :

R. J. Plesters, E. M. Rose, M. Hopcroft, Eadie.

Pendant la dernière moitié du trimestre du printemps, les réunions du cercle français étaient suspendues, mais elles ont été continuées ce trimestre.

Nous avons beaucoup regretté le départ de Mlle. Tilley a la fin du trimestre passé ; elle a été remplacée par M. le docteur Falk, qui est un membre très intéressant et instructif.

Le programme des réunions est à peu près le même qu'au trimestre passé. D'abord nous avons une séance de travail a la salle de dessin, puis nous prenons le gouter. A présent nous lisons une partie du 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' de Molière.

Nous serons très contents de voir plus de personnes a nos réunions qui ont lieu le jeudi.

J.E.B.

Scouts.

Owing to the shortness of the term and the usual preparations for Sports Day our activities have been somewhat curtailed. However we hope to be able before the end of term to have the usual hurried cooking tests with their rather indigestible bread twists and varieties of porridge. We are grateful to those old scholars who have let us have their discarded uniforms but we can still do with a lot more. Many old scouters have written recently and told us how valuable they have found the various scout tests and usually say they wish they had done a little more at them whilst at school. Scouts now at school should take this to heart and realise that with the shortness of time at our disposal in school there is much they can do by themselves at home.

E. S. WALKER, S.M.

Hockey 1942-43.

			Played	won	lost.
1st XI	4	0	4
2nd XI	2	0	2

Cadets.

On the 6th June, the unit attended the first Battalion Parade of the 11th Warwick Cadets. About 400 cadets were present, and our company made a good attendance. The Inspection was carried out by the new colonel of the Brigade, Colonel Baker. The Battalion attended service at the Stratford Parish Church, and a helpful address was given by Canon Prentice. A march past and salute took place after the service, the Colonel, the Mayor of Stratford and the Major of Warwick being present at the ceremony.

The 21st of June gave a fine sunny day for our second Annual Inspection; Major H. Morrell M.B.E., M.C., was again the Inspecting officer. The cadets were commended on their smart appearance and quick response to commands. The Salute was taken outside the school, and the scholars of the middle and senior school lined the route. There are now 33 senior, and 13 junior cadets. 29 cadets are going to a Battalion Camp during August, to be held at Sutton Park, near Birmingham.

Cadet/Lt. E. W. HADWEN.

Cricket.

Captain : Burns.

A much stronger side represents the school this year and more hopeful results have been realised. The bowling is much stronger, and one or two players have improved their batting. The game against Stratford G.S. made a promising start, but in the end the batsmen proved more steady than the Alcester team. A draw was declared with Redditch C.H.S., and a decisive victory was gained over Bromsgrove. If all goes well, we are likely to have a more successful cricket season.

RESULTS.

	For	Against
A.G.S. v. Stratford G.S. (away), lost	67	121 for 9
v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), drawn	58	17 for 5
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away) won	57	20
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost	36	110
v. Alcester A.T.C. (home), lost	91	110

SIDES MATCHES.—Tomtits beat Jackals by 7 wickets, Brownies beat Tomtits by 10 wickets. Brownies beat Jackals by 2 runs.

Tennis.

Captain : D. Villers.

Though the match against Redditch C.H.S. had to be cancelled owing to bad weather, the other matches on our fixture list have so far been played. As a result of the higher standard of the tennis and the enthusiasm of the middle forms, we have been able to form a 2nd VI, but have been unfortunate in our attempts to arrange matches for them. One only has been played at present.

The following teams represent the school :—

1st VI : D. Villers, S. Careless, J. Buller, B. Adams, J. Allen, A. Villers.

2nd VI : K. Hemming, Z. Richardson, J. Wright, J. Blakeman, D. Harris, W. Ganderton.

RESULTS TO DATE.

A.G.S. 1st VI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 8 sets to 1 (72 to 27 games).

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 6 sets to 3 (63 to 36 games).

v. Coughton Convent School (home), won, 5 sets to 4 (48 to 51 games).

v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 9 sets to nil (77 to 22 games).

A.G.S. 2nd VI. v. Coughton Convent School (home), lost, 3 sets to 6 (36 to 63 games).

D.A.V.

Football 1942-43.

Captain : Hillman.

On the whole the team showed much improvement in their play, and had many well-contested games. There are several promising young players and the School is looking forward to a better season in the new school year. Colours were presented to Yapp, Burns, Arnold and Draysey.

RESULTS.—*Autumn term*, 4 (home) games lost ; 4 (away) lost. *Spring term*, 5 (home) games ; 1 drawn and 2 won, 2 (away) games 1 drawn, 1 lost.

For the Juniors.

Our Cherry Tree.

The cherries on our cherry tree
Are ripe as ripe can be;
I'll fill a great big basket,
And take them in for tea;
The birds will miss our juicy cherries,
And eat instead the coloured berries.

JILL KEMPSTER (Form II).

My Bedroom.

In my bedroom I have a little bed, and apart from the ordinary things, I have two pictures which are my own. The first is of two rabbits and a little girl and is called 'Woodland Friends' The second is called 'June in the Austrian Tyrol' and shows a beautiful mountain side covered with flowers and a person picking them.

I have a book-case in which I keep my books to read when I have time to spare.

On the mantel-piece are my ornaments. There is a tiny Toby Jug, a Victorian Lady, Snow White, a blue china rabbit and a very small ivory elephant.

I love my bedroom very much.

MYRA LARKIN (Form II).

My Gypsy Caravan.

One day when I was walking down a crooked little lane I saw a gypsy caravan. It was painted dark green with curtains to match. Outside two children were playing round a bright fire. Their clothes were made of pieces of sack. They had rushes bound round their legs. A hungry-looking dog prowled around, sniffing at the children's legs. I went up to the caravan and peeped into the open door. Inside were pots and pans which were hanging up on a hook. There were four bunks over at the far end. Suddenly I heard footsteps outside the door. I quickly ran down the steps and hid behind a bush. Two

rough-looking men ran up the steps and came out with reins in their hands. They untied four dapple grey horses from a tree, and harnessed them to the caravan. They called to the children who ran in. They shut the door and the caravan began to move. Soon it was quite out of sight, so I ran home very pleased to have seen inside a gypsy caravan.

SHEILA INGRAM (Remove).

My Dog's Find.

One day I thought I would go on the river with my dog to an island, so I set off. I had a lot of food, for it was a long way. The journey was lovely, I saw kingfishers and water rats and a moorhen's nest with five eggs in. When I got to the island I explored it. In the evening I decided to go home ; so I went to the river bank and to my surprise I saw that my boat was not there.. I went up the bank but I could not see it anywhere. I lay down on the soft leaves and went to sleep by my dog for warmth. I was wakened by some movements in the bushes by me. It was my dog who had found something and was digging it up ; so I went to help him. When it was out I looked at it and to my amazement I found it was a pearl necklace. My father came to look for me the next day and when we were at the police station they told us they had the thief but couldn't find the necklace.

Next day a letter came and in it was a five pound note for me from the owner of the necklace. But really it was for my dog, and I saw to it that my dog had a nice big bone for his dinner.

TONY TUCKEY (Remove).

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.
HIGH STREET.
